the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe,

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Ro. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Ro. And is it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell-broad.

Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why? is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by Nature, for this driueling loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire,

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heres goodly geare. *Enter* Nurſe *and her man.* A ſayle a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face,

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it goodden?

Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the bawdy hand is now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nurſe. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewomã, that God hath made, him

Nurſe. By my troth it is well ſaide, for himſel quath a: Gentlemen can any of you tell me where the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be olde haue found him, then hee was when you ſought hin youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt well, very well tooke, ifa wiſely.

Nurſe. If thou be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidenc

Ben. Shee will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a Lenten- ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very g in Lent.

But a hare that is hore is too much for a ſcore, whe ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinn

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, La

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was th ſo full of his roperie?

Romeo. A Gentleman *Nurſe*, that loues to hea talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee w in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take h and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iack cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, of his Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates, and